

THE O. IX.
MOCK-TEMPEST:
OR THE
Enchanted Castle.

ACTED AT THE
Theatre Royal.

Written By T. DUFFETT.

Hic totus volo rideat libellus. Mart.



L O N D O N,

Printed for William Cademan at the Popes-Head in the lower
Walk of the New Exchange in the Strand. 1675.

THE
MOCK-TEMPLE
OR THE
Enchanted Castle.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by T. DUNSTON.

THEATRE ROYAL, LONDON.

1775
1776
1777

L O N D O N.

Printed for W. Johnston, at the Theatre Royal, in the lower
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THE INTRODUCTION

Spoken by Mr. Hains, and Mrs. Mackarel.

Mr. Hains Enters alone.

YOU are of late become so mutinous,
Y'ave forc'd a reverend Bard to quit our House.
Since y'are so soon mislead to ruin us,
I'll call a Spirit forth that shall declare,
What all your tricks and secret Virtues are.
What? ho *Ariel!*

Enter Betty Mackarel.

Here's *Betty*—— Now rail if you dare:
Speak to 'em *Betty*—— ha! alham'd, alas poor Girl,
Whisper me!— Oh I'll tell 'em— Gentlemen! she says,
Y'are grown so wild she could not stay among ye,
And yet her tender heart is loath to wrong ye.
Spare 'em not,

Whom kindness cannot stir, but stripes may move.

Bet. O Mr. *Hains!* I've often felt their Love.

Ha. Poh, felt a Pudding that has taken vent,
Their love cools faster, and as soon is spent.
Think of thy high calling *Betty*, now th'art here,
They gaze and wish, but cannot reach thy Sphere,
Though ev'ry one could squeeze thy Orange there.

Bet. Why this to me, Mr. *Haines* (d'ee conceive me) why

Ha. Ay, why this to *Betty*?

(to me?)

O

O Virtue, Virtue! vainly art thou sought,

If such as *Betty* must be counted sought:

Examine your Consciences Gentlemen!

When urg'd with heat of love, and hotter Wine,

How have you begg'd, to gain your lewd design:

Betty, dear, dear, dear *Betty*,

I'll spend five Guinnyes on thee, if thou'lt go:

And then they shake their (d'ee concieve me!) *Betty* is't not
so, their yellow Boyes.

Bet. Fie Mr. *Hains*, y' are very rude (d'ee concieve me.)

Ha. Then speak your self.

Bet. Gentlemen! you know what I know.

• If y' are severe, all shall out by this light:

But if you will be kind, I'll still be right

Ha. So that's well — make thy Cursy *Betty*.

Now go in Child, I have something to say to these Gen-
tlemen in private. [Exit *Betty*.]

PRO

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Hains.

Since Heroes Ghosts, and Gods have felt your spight:
Your Sbe Familiars, and your dear delight;
The Devils shall try their power, w'ee to night:
Some do believe that Devils ne'r have been,
Because they think none can be worse then them:
But Female Sprights by all are felt and seen.

Tou see our Study is to please you all:
Lets not by stiff Tom Thimblesfaction fall;
Whose censures are meer ign'rance in disguise,
The noyse of envious fools, that would seem wise.
If Bacons Brazen-head cry----that won't pass,
Strayt all the little Fops are turn'd to brass,
And Eccho to the braying of that Ass:

Although we take their shapes and senseless sounds,
Lets not be worryd by our own dull Hounds:
Let not their noyse that get your Money there,
Deprave your Judgments, and your pleasure here.

Te men of Sense and Wit, resume your Raign;
Th'are honour'd who by noble Foes are slain;
Such comforts wounded Lovers have who swear,
When their tormenting pains are most severe,
Dam'ee!

It doe's not vex me to be Clapp'd by her:
Gad she was handsome, though the sport is dear.
But who in your sight at their mercy lyes,
Much like an Eastern Malefactor dyes,
Expos'd i'th' Sun to be devour'd by flies.

Let Language, Wit and Plot, this Night be safe,
For all our business is to make you laugh.

O Virtue, Virtue! vainly art thou sought,
If such as *Betty* must be counted naught:
Examine your Consciences Gentlemen!

When urg'd with heat of love, and hotter Wine,
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Persons Represented.

Prospero	—	a Duke, Head-keeper of the Enchanted Castle.
Alonzo	—	a Duke, his mortal Enemy.
Quakero	—	Son of Alonzo.
Gonzalo	—	a Subject of Alonzos.
Antonio	—	his Friend.
Hypolito	—	Infant Duke of Mantua, Innocent and ignorant
Hectorio	—	a Pimp.
Miranda	—	} the harmless daughters of Prospero.
Dorinda	—	
Stephania	—	a Band.
Beantoffer	—	} Wenches.
Moustrappa	—	
Drinkallup	—	
Ariel	—	a Spirit waiting on Prospero.
A Plenipotentiary.		

Wenches, Bridewell-Keepers, Spirits, Devils, Masquers, and Prisoners

The Scene in LONDON.

THE

FRAGATA.

P. 1. for breaking r. beating Doors. P. 6. 1. 2. for P. 10. 1. 2. for P. 12. 1. ult. for it r. spir. P. 32. 1. 2. for gall'd r. gally'd. 1. 8. for Gentleman r. Gentlewoman. P. 49. 1. 23. for puts r. puffs. P. 50. 1. 33. after Traystick. add Alonzo. By thy stealers and Pickers. P. 53. 1. 18. for Face r. Last.

(1)
THE
New TEMPEST
OR THE
Enchanted Castle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A great noyse heard of breaking Doors, and breaking Windows, crying a Whore, a Whore, &c.

Enter Beantoller, and Moustrappa.

Beant. **W**HAT a noyse they make!
Mons. A roaring noyse, we shall have
foul weather.

Enter Drinkallup.

Drink. The Dogs have us in the Wind, twill go hard.

[Exeunt Beant. and Mons.]

Enter Stephani a.

Stepha. Heſtorio! Heſtorio!

All. Heſtorio! Heſtorio! Heſtorio!

Enter Heſtorio.

Heſ. Here here Mother, what cheer, what cheer.

Stepha. Never worſe, never worſe, barr up the Doors, barr up
the Doors: Oh! Oh! *[She whistles, Wenches run on and off again.]*

(?)

Enter Moustrappa.

All. Barr up the Doors, barr up the Doors.

Mouf. Let's make all fast enough, and let 'm roar the Devils head off.

Steph. Beantoffer, Beantoffer.

All. Beantoffer, Beantoffer, Beantoffer.

Steph. Why where's this damn'd deaf flunder-mouth'd drab?

Enter Beantoffer.

Bean. Here here, a pack of these full-mouth'd Fox hounds.

Hect. They hunt devilish hard, I'm affraid they'll earth us.

Steph. Give Hectoria a dram of the Bottle, the Whey-Blooded Rogue looks as if his heart were melted into his Breeches.

[Exeunt Beantoffer and Hectorio.]

[Enter Wenches arm'd with Spitts, Forks, Tongs, Chamber-Potts, &c. they pass over the stage.]

Steph. Bear up, bear up my brave Amazons, y'ave born Ten times as many men in your times, beigh my Girdles, stand fast my stout bona Roba's, run, fly, work nimble, nimble ye Queens, or all's lost.

[Exeunt all]

[A great noise again.]

Enter Hectorio, Alonzo, Gonzalox, Quakero.

Alon. Good friend, stand to thy tackling, and play the Man: where's Mother Stephania.

Hect. Pry thee old Goat tye up thy Clack, and move thy hands.

Quak. Friend, friend, look thee, bridle thy unruly member—to wit, thy tongue.

Hect. Work, work, my hearts of Gold.

Quak. Ha, ha, ha, my Father to whom thou speakest so unadvisedly is Duke of that building which doeth sustain my Lord Mayors Cattle, Vidiciset, his Doggs.

Hect. Fill the sweating Tub with Stones, and set it against the Door, quick, quick.

Within—The Sweating Tub, the Sweating Tub! Stones, Stones!

Quak. He is moreover perpetual Whiffer to the Worshipful company of Pin-makers, as I my self am.

Hect. Confound thy Father and thy self. [A noise within.] What care these Roarers for the worshipful Pin-makers?

Silence

Silence, and to work, or I'll ram thee into a Chamber-pot, and throw thee out at Window. *[Exit all.]*

Enter Steph. Bean. Mous. and Drink.

Steph. Stir, Wenches, stir, bring out all the Jourdans full of Water.

All. The Jourdans, the Jourdans, &c.

Bean. Drink, and Mous. run off several wayes crying the Jourdans.

[A great noyse within, all crying all bare, a Whore, a Whore, &c.]

Steph. Send a Legion of Devils down their yelling throats to pluck their lungs out. — Out ye bauling Curs, ye ill-bred hounds, here are Whores enough for you all, All, if you would behave your selves like civil Gentlemen, and come one after another.

She Whistles, Enter Wenches.

Down, down, down to the Sellar Windows.

All. The Sellar Windows, the Sellar Windows. *[The Wenches run down the Trap Door.]*

Enter Bean. Mous. and Drink. hastily one after another.

Bean. Undone, undone, not one drop of Water in the house.

Mous. With hard labour all their moisture turns into sweat.

Drink. Th'are dryer then hung Beef, and almost as black too.

Bean. Your advice, your advice Mother.

Drink. Dispatch, or w'are ruin'd. —

Steph. Get up in the Windows, you musty Queens, make water in their Eyes, and burn e'm out, I'm sure y'are hot enough. —

Enter Hectorio.

Hect. Turn out, turn out all hands to the Back-door: is this a time to prate ye spurr-gald jades, ye over-rid Hackneys. —

Mous. O you huffing Son of a Whore.

Drink. You rotten Jack in a box.

Bean. You foul mouth'd Nickumpoop.

Hect. Prate on, prate on, d'ee hear how it Thunders? — stand still and be damn'd, I'll shift well enough for one.

[The noyse renew'd.]

[Exit Hectorio.]

Steph. Turn out, turn out Seditious mutiners, ye or I'll have ye all flead — Out, out! *[Exit Bean. Mous. and Drink.]*

Enter Gonz. Alon. and Quak.

Gonz. More noyse and terrour then a Tempest at Sea.

Enter Beantoffer.

Bean. The green Chamber, the green Chamber. [*Stephania whistles, the Wenches come up from the Trapp-door.*]

Steph. Aloft, aloft, to the green Chamber, all to the green Chamber——Aloft, aloft.—— [*Exeunt Beant. and Wenches.*]

Alon. My Honour, my Reputation.——

Quak. Yea! Reputation, Reputation!——Woo man, ah! ha!

Steph. Reputation! ye crop-eard whelps, Reputation! is not my Reputation dearer to me then your lives, and Souls? Down with the Close stool upon their heads.

You louzy farandinical Sots, Reputation! I have had Lords——Lords! thou whey-bearded Ananias, and then I had a blessing on my endeavours; but this is justly fall'n upon me, for dealing with such zealous Whore-masters, thir-gutted gal. Customers——Out of my sight, and to work, or by the beards of my renowned Predceessors I'll have you hung out like Wool-sacks to defend my Walls. See if thou canst preach the Rabble to Silence, thou canting Hypocritical Abednego.

Quak. Yea, thou babylonish Whore in grain, thou Harlot of a London dye, thou shalt see the strength of the power of a um——Thou shalt see, I say, look ye Friends, Brethren and Sisters——Give heedful attention, and a, and I say a um——[*A shout within, and dirt thrown in his mouth.*] [*Exeunt all.*]

Enter again Steph. and Bean.

Bean. We are gone, we are gone, th'are all broke in the Closet Window,

Enter Hectorio.

Heſ. Hell, and Devils, th'are untiling of the House.

Enter Wenches.

Steph. Let off the Bottles of Stepony, they may think th'are Guns.

Bean. Clap up the middle hatch with the Iron spikes.

Heſ. Take down the false Stairs.

Enter Moustrappa.

Mouſ. Open the Trap-door, that falls into the Common-shear.

Enter Drinkallup.

Drink. Hang up the tenter Hooks.——

Steph. Set the great Chest against the stair Door. [*Stephania whistles, Enter Wenches.*]

All

All. To the great Chest, the great Chest.

[*Exeunt all but Stephania.*]

Heñ. } Heave all together, heave Cats, heave.
within } Heave Cats, heave ——— cheerily, cheerily.

Enter Alonzo. Gonz and Quak.

Alon. Gonz. Quak. — Murther, murther, murther.

Steph. Oh, you obstreperous Woolves, a Rot consume your Windpipes, y'are louder then the rabble.

Alon. O, this base, this cursed business!

Steph. Cursed business, thou invincible Fop, thou Brazen headed Ignoramus — Hast thou a mind to be limb'd? one word more, and all the Doors shall fly open: Cursed business, with a pox to ye.

[*She whistles.*]

Enter Wenches — And go off again.

Come tag-rag-and-long-tail, Old Satin, Taffaty, and Velvet, rouze about, charge 'em briskly, shovr the Coals on their pates. — He calls Wenching, base cursed business — Oh you rake Hells, sons of unknown Fathers.

Enter Beantoffer.

Bean. Hell take 'em, they clime the Walls like Cats.

Steph. Down with the Tables and Stools upon 'em.

[*Exit Bean.*]

[*The noise renew'd*]

Enter Hectorio.

Heñ. Sound a Parle, sound a Parle, or they'l break in upon us — There's no hope left.

Steph. A Parle, thou impudent miscreant! false hearted Caytiff Ple rather like a noble Roman *Virago*, make my House my Funeral pile.

Heñ. All are resolv'd not to fight a stroak more, sound a Parle but to gain time.

Steph. To delude the Foe I consent, but never to yield.

[*She whistles.*]

Enter Drink. Bean. and Mous.

Sound a Parle, and hang out the White Flag. [*A Horn sounds within, and one passes over the Stage with a Flannel Peticoat on a Stick; another Horn sounded on the other side.*]

Heñ. Hark, they answer us.

Steph.

Steph. Go you *Drinkallup*, and see what they will demand.

[*Exit Drink. and returns immediately*]

Drink. Here's a Plenipotentiary desires admittance.

Steph. Let him be blinded, and introduc'd by the *Postern*——*Casement*——Come fellow Souldiers, lets sit in State, and receive him with undaunted Countenances, as blustering Warriours do, though we are like to dye for fear.

A Guard of Wenches Enter.

Master of our Ceremonies, introduce the Plenipotentiary.

[*A dirty fellow led in between two Wenches.*]

Steph. Fellow Souldiers 'tis a Maxim in Warr to treat with our Arms in our hands——(*Guard, deliver us your Weapons*)——and while we talke of peace to prepare for a Battle; therefore Guard go you and mend the backs of the Chairs. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Plenipotentiary, be not dismaid with the glittering Splendour of our Court, but boldly deliver what thou hast in Charge.——

Plen. My Master, the many-headed-monster-Multitude, to save the great effusion of Christian Chamberly, will grant you peace on these terms.

Steph. Say on.

Plen. First, they demand the Dominion of the Straights mouth, and all the Mediterranean Sea——That every Frigot, Fireship, you have, shall strike, furl up their sail, and lye by to the least of their Cock-boats, where-ever they meet, and receive a man aboard to search for prohibited Goods, and permit him to romage fore and oft without resistance.——

Stepha Umph.——My friends, this is very hard.

Plen. Secondly, That all their Vessels shall have and enjoy a free-trade into and out of all your Ports without paying any Custom.——

Steph. The duties of Importation are my greatest Revenue, and must not be parted with.

Bean. But though your People pay for import, we will engage to pay them at going off.

Mous. As we have always done heretofore.

Plen. Lastly, That you re-imburse the charge of the War, pay for the Cure of the wounded, and the recov'ry of those that have surfeited on your rotten Ling and Poy's'nous Oyl, and allow Pensions for

for those that are dismembered — What say ye, Peace, or War?

Steph. War.

All. War, War, War.

Steph. Return for answer, that we will rather dye at their Feet, then submit to such dishonourable Conditions: — Begon: — And so she pray'd me to tell ye.

× *Plen.* Though you refuse peace, I scorn to carry back my present, — there. [*Throws out a bunch of Carrets.*]

Drink. We scorn their Courtesies, and their dry toys.

Plen. Are ye so fierce? if the Seige continue, you'l Petition for 'em: look for Fire and Sword — And so she pray'd me to tell you.

[*Exit Plen.*]

Steph. Arm, Arm, give the word, Arm, Arm.

All. Arm, Arm.

Within. Arm, Arm, Arm,

[*Excunt All.*]

[*The noyse of the assault renew'd.*]

Enter Steph. Bean. and Mous.

Steph. Many a brush have I gon through in my time, but never was any so sharp.

Enter Hectorio.

Hec. S'death, our Ammunition's spent, the dear dear dyet-drink's gone.

Steph. And yet these Canibals, more insatiate then the Sea, are not satisfi'd with our best goods; pull up the Harths, and down with the Chimnies.

Excunt Bean. and Mous.

Hec. 'Tis in vain to strive.

Steph. Thou Cow-hearted cormorant, shall we be all lost for thee?

Hec. No, 'tis for thy obstinacy, thou insatiable shee-Woolf.

Steph. Rot your Sheeps blood.

Hec. Confound your brutish heart and bacon, face.

Steph. Nounz, stir about, or I'll beat thy brains out with my Bottle.

Hec. One word more, and by the Lord, Harry.

Steph. Thou dar'st not for thy Blood, thou dar'st not.

[*She Whistles,*]

Steph.

Enter all the Wenches.

Steph. For shame let not the Army see our difference, or thy Cowardise. —

Hect. Pull down the House, and bury them in the Ruines : come along boldly, my dear hearts, follow me, I shall find a time. —

*[Exeunt Wenches.]**[Exit Hectorio.]*

Steph. To be hang'd — I don't doubt it.

Enter Beantoffer.

Bean. O save the Syring and the Pot of Turpentine-pills for my sake. — *[Exit Bean.]*

Steph. Save nothing, cut off your Leggs and throw at 'em. Out with the Exchange Womans Trunk of Perfum'd Linnen which the Old Knight us'd to play hey Gamer Cook in — Out, out ; save nothing. *[Exit Steph.]*

Enter Hectorio, and Moustrappa

Hect. Fill the old Justices greazy Night-Cap with the Rosary of Beads the Fryer pawn'd here but last Night, and down with 'em.

Mousf. I wish they were all Cannon-bullets for their sakes.

*[Exit Hectorio]**Enter Stephania, hastily.*

Steph. Hold, hold, if you throw out the Beads, they'll take us for Papithes, and then there's no Mercy; otherwise we may still hope for pity because we are all of one Religion.

Enter Hectorio.

Hect. Set the Led Cistern against the Door ; all hands to the Cistern, to the Cistern. *[Steph. whistles]*

Enter all the Wenches.

Steph. My Girles, my Daughters.

Hect. Fellow Souldiers, dear hearts now for the last push.

Steph. All hands to the Cistern, away. — *[Exeunt all.]*

Enter all. pulling at a Rope.

Hect. Hoa up ; hoa up ; cheerily, cheerily, pluck all together. —

All. Hoa up ! hoa up ! hoa up !

Enter Steph. whistling.

Steph. Down, down, all hands down, th'are going to spring a Mine. *[All run down]*

Enter Beantoffer, and Moustrappa.

Bean. There's a fresh Brigade of sturdy Blood-hounds come from the Butcher-row.

Mousf

Mous. The Barr of the Door's broke. —

[*Exeunt Bean. and Mous.*]

Steph. Barr it with the Constables staffe that lay here last Night.

Enter Drinkallup.

Drink. O Mother, save your self, save your self.

Steph. Must our mouths be cold then? [*She whistles.*]

Enter Hectorio.

Hect. All's lost, all's lost. — [*Exit Drink.*]

Enter Bean. and Mous.

Bean. They break in like a full Sea upon us.

Mous. O Mother, Mother, shift for your self.

Steph. Name not me: the Justices, and Jaylor's, are my very good Friends, and Customers.

All. Ah, there's no trust to Friends now.

Steph. If I dye, I dye, but I pity your tender backs, and grieve for the present want all these young Gallants will have of so many excellent Beauties.

[*Exeunt Hect. Bean. Mous. and Drink. and return presently.*]

Hect. Yet, yet, you may 'scape perhaps.

Bean. The poor hearts fight as if they were all Scanderbegg's.]

Mous. Yet, shift Mother in two minutes, 'twil be too late.

Steph. No, here will I stay, and like a *Phanix*, perish in my Nest, the Fates so Decree.

Bean. Then let's among 'em, and dye all together, or break through. —

All. Agreed, agreed.

[*Exeunt all.*]

A great noyse of fighting, crying Fire, Murther, &c. The Rabble, and Wenches enter fighting. It Rains Fire, Apples, Nuts. — A Constable and Watch enter, and drive all off.

Act. I. Scene II.

[*The Scene chang'd to Bridewell.*]

Enter Prospero, and Miranda.

Prof. **M**iranda, where's your Sister?

Mir. I left her on the Dust-Cart-top, gaping after the huge noyse that went by. —

Prof. It was a dreadful show.

Mir. Oh woe, and alas, ho, ho, ho! I'm glad I did not see it though.

Prof. Hold in thy breath, and tell thy Vertuous Body, there's no harme down, th'are all reserv'd for thine, and thy Sister *Dorinda* private use.

Mir. And shall we have 'em all, a-ha! that will be fine ifads; but if you don't keep'em close, pray Father, we shall never have 'em long to our selves pray; for now ev'ry Gentlewoman runs huckstring to Market, the youth are bought up so fast, that poor *Publicans* are almost starv'd, so they are so.

Prof. Leave that to my Fatherly Care.

Mir. And shall we have 'em all, ha, ha, he! O good dear hau, how the Citizens Wives will curse us. —

Prof. *Miranda*, you must now leave this Tom-rigging, and learn to behave your self with a grandeur and state, besitting your illustrious Birth and Quality. — Thy Father, *Miranda*, was 50 years ago a man of great power, Duke of my Lord Mayor Dogg-kennel.

Mir. O lo, why Father, Father, are not I *Miranda Whiffe*, sooth, and arn't you *Prospero Whiffe*, sooth, Keeper of *Bridewell*, my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was all Mettle. — As true as Steel, as right's my Legg, and she said thou wert my Daughter; canst thou remember when thou wert Born, sure thou canst not, for then thou wert but three days old.

Mir. I fads, I do remember it Father, as well as 'twere but yesterday.

Prof. Then scratch thy tenacious Poll, and tell me what thou findest backward in the misty black and bottomless Pit of time.

Mir. Pray Father had I not Four, or Five Women waiting upon top of me, at my Mothers groaning, pray?

Prof. Thou hadst, and more *Miranda*, for then I had a Tub of humming stuff would make a Cat speak.

Mir. O Gemine! Father how came we hither?

Prof. While I despising mean, and worldly bus'ness, as misbecoming my grave Place, Quality, did for the bett'ring of my mind, apply my self, to the secret and laudable study of Ninepins, Shovel-board and Pigeon-holes — dost thou give ear Infant?

Mir.

Mir. I do, most Prudent Sir,

Prof. My Brother, to whom I left the manage of my weighty state, having learn'd the mysterious Craft of coupling Doggs, and of untying them; and by strict Observation of their jilting carriage, found the time when *Venus*, Countess, Lady, Beauty, and the rest of my she subjects, were to be oblig'd, by full allowance of their sports, soon grew too Popular, stole the hearts of my curriish Vassals, and so became the Ivy-leaf, which cover'd my Princely Issue, and suck'd out all my Juice. Dost observe me Child?

Mir. Yes, forsooth Father, this story would cure Kib'd-heels.

Prof. This Miscreant, so dry he was for sway, betray'd me to *Alonso*, Duke of Newgate; and in a stormy and dreadfull Night open'd my Kenell Gates, and forc'd me thence with thy young Sister, and thy howling self.

Mir. Father! did they kill us then, pray Father?

Prof. Near the Kenell they dar'd not for the love my dogged Subject bore me. — In short to Newgate we were carry'd, — And thence all in a Cart, without a cov'ring, or a Pad of Straw, to Hyde Park-corner, we were hurri'd there on the stubbed Carkase of a Leafless Tree, they hoisted us aloft to pipe to winds, whose murm'ring pity whistling back again, did seem to show us cursed kindness.

Mir. O poor Father! — But whereof, how did we 'scape Father?

Prof. Some Friends we had, and some Money, which gain'd the assistance of a great man called *Gregoria Dunn*', appointed master of that black design: now luck begins to turn, — But ask no more; I see thou grow'st pinck-ey'd, go in, and let the Nurse lay thee to sleep.

Mir. And shall she give me some Bread and Butter, Father.

Prof. Ay, my Child, — Go in. — [Exit *Miranda*.] So she's fast. — *Arie*! what ho my *Ariel*?

Enter *Ariel* flying down.

Ari. Hay! most potent Master, I come to serve thy pleasure Be it to lye, swear, steal, pick pockets, or cerep in at Windows —

Prof. How didst thou perform the last task I set thee?

Ari. I gather'd the Rabble together, show'd them the Bawdy House, told em they us'd to kill Prentices, and make mutton pyes

of 'em — I led them to the Windows, Doors, backward, forward, now to the sellar, now to the House top — Then I ran and call'd the Constable, who came just as the Rabble broke in, and the defendants were leaping from the Balcony, like Saylers from a sinking Ship. The Duke and his Trayn I clap'd into a Coach.

Prof. Are they all taken and safe ?

Ari. All safe in several parts of this thy enchanted Castle of Bridewel, and not a hair of 'em lost.

Prof. Twas bravely done my *Ariel* ! Wha tsa Clock ?

Ari. Great Tom already has struck ten :

Now blest are Women that have men,

To tell fine tale, and warm cold feet,

While lonely lasi lyes gnawing sheet.

Prof. We have much to do e're morning come: follow me, I'll instruct thee within.

Before the gorgeous Sun upon House top doth Sneer,

The Laud knows what is to be done, the Laud knows where.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

A& II. Scene. I.

Enter *Miranda* and *Dorinda*.

Dor. O H Sister sister, what have I seen pray ?

Mir. O Some rare sight I warrant.

Dor. From yonder dust-cart-top, as I star'd upon the noyse, I thought it had been fighting, but at last I saw a huge Creature, for ought I know.

Mir. O whereof you mean the Coach.

Dor. Coach ! i'fads, I thought it had been a Fish, I'm sure it was alive, and it ran roaring along, and all the People ran away from it for fear it should eat 'em.

Mir. O lo, O lo Sister, O lo ! — ha ha he —

Dor. Why d'ee laugh at one Sister, indeed it had eaten men, for just by our gate it stopd still and open'd a great Mouth in the belly of it, and it 'em out all whole:

Mir.

Mir. Oh but Sister, whereof I can tell you news pray, my Father told me in that Creature was that thing call'd Husband, and we should see it shortly and have it pray, in a Civil way.

Dor. Husband, what's that?

Mir. Why that's a thing like a man (for ought I know) with a great pair of Hornes upon his head, and my father said 'twas made for Women, look ye.

Dor. What must we ride to water upon't, sister?

Mir. No, no, it must be our slave, and give us Golden Cloaths Pray, that other men may lye with us in a Civil way, and then it must Father our Children and keep them.

Dor. And when we are so Old and Ugly, that no body else will lye with us, must it lye with us it self?

Mir. Ay that it must Sister.

Dor. You see my Father gets men to lye with us, is not he a Husband then?

Mir. No, you see he has no Hornes.

Dor. May be he sheds 'em like a Buck, or puts 'em in his pocket like a rich Citizen, because he won't lye with us himself when he can get no body else.

Mir. Fie Sister; no! Fathers and Mothers are kinder and wiser now then they were heretofore look ye; for when they see their Daughters will be modish and kind, they provide 'em Gallants themselves to lye with them.

Dor. But if we must take those our careful Parents get, only for profit, 'tis as bad as marrying.

Mir. They doe it only 'till they get us Husbands to ease them of the trouble.

Dor. O whereof Sister, my Father may spare himself of that trouble, for I am old enough to shift for myself in a civil way, for I was 13. last quarter Sessions, ay and wise enough too.

Mir. So we all think it vads, but they can get us Coaches and Settlements, whereof if we were left to our selves, we should creep into holes, and yet nothing but Bastards.

Dor. If our fathers don't get us Husbands quickly, wee'l make him lye with us himself, shall we Sister?

Mir. Ay ay, that we will, but lets goe in now, He's about something I long to see the end of, come lets not despair, the flesh is strong.

Dor.

Dor. O for a Husband sister how I long.

[*Exeunt Miranda and Dorinda.*]

Act. II. Scene. II.

Enter Alonzo, and Gonzalo affrighted.

Alon. *Gonzalo* Oh — my lodging is enchanted.

Gon. *Min* with a Devil and like your Grace is haunted,
Which plays more tricks then e're the witch my Aunt did,

Alon. First doleful groans at both my ears were lugging.

Then whistling voyce like wind in empty muggin.

Gon. shrieks as of switcheld las I heard, and anon
sighs of enchanted ghost like roaring Canon.

Alon. VVith Princely hoof I knock'd, and noyse did follow,

By which I find O, Heavens! the House is hollow,

My bed of state —

Gon. Of straw you mean — now good my Lord doe not lye.

Alon. Millions of devils mov'd, black, white, and motley,

Six legs a piece, sharp claws.

Gon. Aye mine were so Sir,

Each tooth a needle, and each eye a saucer.

They stole my shooes, and in a hole I found 'em.

The white possest, black Armies did surround 'em.

Feircely the black attack'd, and white defended,

Horror and death in ev'ry Seam attended.

The nimble black like hopping Devils ventur'd,

Mounted the works, and on the half moon enter'd.

But here the white ferry'd as thick as sawdust,

And beat them off.

Then march'd up the red list'd Reformadoes,

But what they did I dare not tell for fear.

Alon. Sage matrons say, where such kind Foes appear,

The Lord o'th' pasture shall not dye that year.

Gon. Unless he's eaten out —

Alon. On large deal board by prudent vermine chosen,

Two Armies more were fighting for my hosen,

If I but offer composition for my sock,

All

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All leave the field, and to my Carkass flock,
No Fairy pinches half so close, nor no Witch.

Gon. 'Tis worse then nettle, sting of Wasp, or Cowitch.

[Alonzo pulls a Louse out of his neck]

Alon. Treason treason, O here's one of the white devils, treason
treason, my guard my guard, Oh ho hoe.

Fortune has cheated me of all, pize on her,
I am no Duke now, but a poor Prisoner.

[A noyse of horrid Instruments.]

Gon. Oh what horrid noyse is this assaults our ears.

Devils rise and sing.

1 De. Where be those boys,

That make such a noyse,
And won't eat their bread and butter?

2 De. Without all doubt,

Th' are hereabout,
Wee'l teach 'em to make such a Clutter.

3 De. Who are the ring-leaders, who rules the Roast?

4 De. Alonzo the Duke, and another old Toast.

1 De. Wee'l put water in their porridge,

And straw in their beds,

2 De. Shooes on their feet, and a Comb in their heads.

Chorus. Wee'l put &c.

And straw &c.

Shooes &c.

Alon. O save me, save me, Gonzalo

Gon. I would give him the best member I have, to save my self.

Alon. These great He Devils will hearken to no such Composition.

The Devils Sing again.

1 De. Rogues that from their Liquor shrink,
Shall scorch to death for want of drink.

2 De.

- 2 Dev. *And who with false glass good fellows betray,*
 3 Dev. *And tippie small beer in stead of their wine,*
 4 Dev. *Then bubble their poor weak brothers at play,*
To the whip and the stocks we'll confine.
 1 Dev. *So poor, so poor, they still shall remain;*
Mirth, or good Wine, they shall ne'r have again,
Nor never, oh never, be eas'd of their pain.

Chorus. *So poor, &c. —*

Mirth —

Nor never —

- Gonz. *Never, oh never, eat Custard again!*
Oh murdering Sentence — Oh, ho, ho!
 Alonz. *Never, never. — O Inhumane Correction!*
Oh, they begin again — Oh. —

The Devils Sing.

- 1 Dev. *Who are the pillars of the wenching Trade?*
 2 Dev. *The zealous professor, and brisk City blade.*
 3 Dev. *The Gallants, and Bullies,*
Do often grow poor, and bare, and bare.
 4 Dev. *But these Canthers, and close City Cullios*
Are ne'r without Money, or Ware.
 1 Dev. *What Slave permits*
Such Hypocrites
In peace to tast of all our sweets?
 2 Dev. *In the midst of their joyes, they discoveries fear,*
 3 Dev. *And their Wives, if th'ave any, shall make the score clear.*
 4 Dev. *With Claps, and with Duns, we torment them all day,*
And at night we take them and their Doxies away,
 Chorus. *With Claps &c. —*
And at night &c. —

Alon. *Pox o'the Devil, 'tis too true, they did take our Doxies away.*

Gon. *Ay, and I would procure 'em a whole Regiment, for my Ransome.*

Alon.

Alon. Alas, they were but Oysters before their meale ; besides they were so rotten, they would melt in their mouthes, all their bones were turn'd to gristle : We are kep'd for the standing Dish.

Gon. Nay, then I am safe enough, for I have no more standing Dish, then a post, my hearts no bigger then a Pins-head.

Alon. My poore Boy *Quakero's*, gone too, Oh, ho, ho !

The Devils Sing.

1 Dev. *Say, say,*
Shall we take up these Rogues, and Carry them away,
With a tory, rory, Tory, rory, rory, Red-Coats ?

2 Dev. *Aye, aye.*

3 Dev. *Aye, aye.*

4 Dev. *Aye, aye.*

1 Dev. *Aye, aye.*

Chorus. *With a Tory, rory, Tory, rory, rory, rory.*

2 Dev. *No, No,*
'Till we show them their Crimes, let 'em stay.
With a Tory, rory, Tory, rory, rantum, scantum.

3 Dev. *Let 'em stay.*

4 Dev. *Let 'em stay.*

1 Dev. *Let 'em stay.*

2 Dev. *Let 'em stay.*

Chorus. *With a Tory, rory, Tory, rory, rory, rory.*

1 Dev. *Cabbage is windy, and Mustard is strong,*
But a Lass with a wide Mouth, and a liquorish Tongue.
Will give thee the Palsie, though never so young.
Then first let their Pride, let their Pride come along.

Chorus. *Cabbage. —*

But a Lass —

Will give —

Then first —

Enter *Pride*, represented by a Painted, gaudy Woman, with a Glass in her hand.

She Sings.

Pride. *To here, here is Pride, that first left them aside,
An honest true Trojan, and then she dy'd.*

Enter Fraud, a female Quaker Sings.

Fraud. *With upright look, and speech sincere,
In publick, I a Saint appear.
But in private I put out the light,
And I serve for a Whore, or a Band.
I have taught them to cheat, Swear, and Fight,
For by Tea, and by Nay, I am Fraud.*

*Enter Rapine, drest like a Padder, with a Pistole in his hand.**Sings.*

Rapine. *Send out a Scout
To yonder Hill.
Stand, and deliver.
You dogg, must I wait.
I'm thy fate:*

*Dispatch, or I'll send thee to Hell.
From Fraud, they thus proceed to force.
And then I Rapine, guide their Course.*

Enter Murther.

A man drest all in Red, with two Bloody Daggers in his hands, and his Face and Hands stain'd with blood.

Sings.

Murther. *Wake Duncan! would thou couldst.
Disguis'd with blood, I lead them on,
Dark to Murther they arrive.
Then to the Gallows they run.
Needs must they go, whom the Devils drive.*

1 Devil Sings.

*Alas poor Mortals.
They gape like the Earth, in the Dogg-days.
What a rare life the Frogg has?*

*Drawer, Drawer.**2 Dev.. Anon, Anon.**1 Dev.*

Dev. Give 'em drink, or they'r gone,
 E'r their torment's began.
Pour, pour, pour, pour.
Heark, heark, how it hisses,
See, see, how it smoaks:
Who refuses such Liquor as this is,
May be pine, may be pine, may be pine
'Till he choakes.

Chorus. *Heark, &c.*

The Devils sing, and Dance round *Alonzo*, and *Gonzalo*.

Chorus. *Around, around.*

Around, around, around.

Let's sing, and tear the ground,

There's no such sport below,

Where sinfull mortals go.

[*Exeunt all the Devils.*]

Gonz. Oh, oh, are you alive my Lord Duke.

Alon. I cannot tell, Ah, ha, ——— Feel me, feel me, what a drench they gave us, sure 'twas Spirit of Brimstone. ——— I am all in a flame.

Gonz. Their design, is to roast us as some do Geese, by putting a hot Iron in their bellies, I begin to drip, they may make a Sop in the Pan already.

Alon. Anon they'l cut off slivers from us, as they did from the whole Ox, in St. James's Fair.

Gonz. Oh, 'tis intollerable: methinks I hear a great she Devil, call for Groats worth of the Crispe of my Countenance. ——— They are all for Gristle.

Alon. Another cries Six-peny-worth of the brown, with Gravy, Shalot, and Pepper, Oh there's a Collop gone !

Gon. Shalot, and Pepper, was well though of, for if I am not well season'd, there's no eating of me.

Alon. Indeed old Lord, you have a kind of Ven'zon haugou.

Gon. How can it be otherwise, my Lord, when I'm roasted with the guts in my belly ?

Alon. If *Sharlin*, or *Locket* had us, what *Olio's*, *Raggous*, and *Pot-tages*, would they make ?

Gon. So new a Dish never came from France, they would get the Devil and all by us.

Alon. We should out-stink French Cheese.

Gon. O help help, here's Raw-head and Bloody bones, the Master Cook of Hell.

[A noise of horrid Musick ; a Devil arises
Sings. with a Crown of Fire.]

Arise, arise, ye Subterranean Feinds,

Come claw the backs, of guilty hind:

And all ye filthy Drabs, and Harlots rise,

Which use t' infect the Earth with Puddings, and hot Pies;

Rise ye who can devouring glasses frame,

By which Wines pass to th' hollow Womb, and Brain;

Engender Head-akes, make bold elbows shake,

Estates to Pimples, and to desarts turne.

And you whose greedy flames mans very entrails burne,

Ye ramping queans, who ratling Coaches take,

Though yave been fluxed till Head and Body shake.

Come Clap these Wretches till their parts do swell:

Let Nature never make them well,

Cause Leggs, and Arms to pine, cause loss of hair,

Then make them howl with Anguish, and sad groans.

Rise and obey, rise and obey, Raw head and bloody bones.

[Exit Devils]

Devils arise with Bellows, and blow Alonzo, and Gonzalo, off the Stage.

A Dance.

The End of the Second Act.

Act III. Scene I.

Enter Stephania, with a Pitcher, Beantoffer, and Moustrappa, all drunk.

Seph. **T**Here was a noble Marquess,
Took up his Maidens carcase,

Fall.

*Fast by the Fire side.
A very homely Damsel,
Her lips were soft as Lambs wool,
Or marrow Pasty-fri'd.*

This is but a kind of a doleful Tune, to beat Hemp to, but hang't lets squeeze the Picher, here's to thee my doughty *Amazon*.

Bean. Right reverend Trot-up-and-down, Ile do thee reason here Moustrappa.

Steph. Come bouze it about, and a fico for the Justice. Fortunes a Whore, and will be kind to her Sisters.

Monsf. Of the first Five men, we met Three were *Johns*, and Four of those were Cukolds, — Which is a good sign, and so squeez the juice. —

Bean. A strong point of Consolation, let me kiss thee for that, thou pretty, pocky, well favour'd Crack.

Sing.

Steph. Fill the Dish Molly,

And think of a Cully.

Here's a health to the best.

Give us more Drink, a Surgeon that's jelly.

And a pox take the rest.

Molly fill.

We cry Still,

Fill again, and drink round.

'Till we empty the Pitcher, and fill up the Crown.

Bean. Hold, hold, our Sister is grown hollow hearted, and like a jilting Quean, forsakes us in our Tribulation.

Monsf. 'Tis ev'n what I look'd for, — The last Dish came as slow, and frothy, as the last words of a declaring *Quaker*.

Bean. When the Spirit sinks down his Throat, and rattles like the departing Water in a leaky Pump.

Steph. Blame her not, you here she is sound still, ha! wilt thou so? *Knocks the* Why thats very fair, — She says, she will do w'ye for a *Pitcher*. } Groat a time, 'till you are not able to stand: I'll be hang'd if the worst Jugg in Town, will do cheaper.

Bean. Look *Moustrappa* Weeps, — Hang losses, though our Dancing Schooles ruin'd, we have sav'd our Instruments: And as long

ong as Men drink, and Women paint, we shall still jog on.

Steph. There are more of our Dulcimers thump'd ev'ry Night in *Covent-Garden*, then there are Ghittars scrap'd in a Week, in *Madrid*; therefore I say, staunch thou [false hearted misbeleiving Jewes-
Trump, do not many industrious Females live well by bidding Gentlemen welcome to Town, singing at their Chamber doors?

Bean. And trucking their *English* small Wares, for *French* Toyes.

Monf. O this was a dreadful bout for poor *Moustrappa*. In robbing me, they pillag'd six Brokers: ruind my Credit, and quite kill'd my old dealer, honest Jack the *Mercer*; for just as I had brought his Body to such a state, that none else would touch him so that I could set my own rates, they took me from him; the *French* Farendine, he gave me for a Gown is gone too. — But let the World rub, when 'tis at worst 'twill mend.

Bean. The devil take thee, for putting me in mind of my losses; hang me if I can forbear weeping too.

Steph. Then thou art in danger of drowning for the water's above thy mouth, and there's no passage by the Nose, for the bridge was down long ago; and so she prai'd me to tell ye.

Bean. My friend is a brisk *French* Merchant, I knew him a Taylors Trotter: but from 3 Ounces of Jessimy-butter, halfe a Pound of Powder, and 6 pair of Jessimy-Gloves, by cheating the King of his Customes, and his fellow Subjects of their Money, he's come to his beaten Farendine Suit ev'ry day: had not this befall'n me, I had reduc'd him to his first being, and I had hazarded the saving of his Soul, by the ruine of body, and estate. — But he is but re-priv'd, — the pox will take him, for he is a Termagant at laced Mutton.

Steph. Mischieif light on ye both, for minding me of my losses; there was scarce a Manchild in Town, gentle, or simple, from Fifteen to Threescore, that did not pay me Tribute. — When I walk'd the Streets, the Shop-keepers bow'd, the Prentices wink'd; If five, or six Gallants stood in the way, Lord what rustling and cringing was there to Madam *Stephania*? — Aunt, cries one, how does my little Neece? — The Aunt, and the Neece, may both be damn'd, for any thing you care to please: me he slips a Guinny. When shall we cut up the Gilet Pye? cries another. — Go y are a wag, cry I: there's halfe a Preece. Saies a third, is there never a fresh Runlet tap'd?

rap'd? yes quoth I, but you shall be hang'd e're you lick your lips with it; and so she praid me to tell ye: still something's coming, for every now and then slips in a close thriving Tradesman, look ye Mrs. quoth he, I do not use these things, but the case is thus, I'll be at a word, I want a Wench, give me good sound ware, here's your Money, ready Money: I won't build Sconces, and bilk you, as your Gentlemen Bullies do, let me have weight and measure, one words as good as a thousand. Well quoth I, put your bus'ness into my hand, I'll use a Conscience, aye, and I did too, for as I hope for freedome; sometimes I have hardly got 8d. in the Shilling. But such were sure Customers, they never left me for fear of discovery. Oh! I could tell you such stories of Vestry-men, and Burgesses, as would make the Bells ring backwards, i'faith,——Me, and my bus'ness, was the whole talke of the Town, but all was kep'd secret, not a word mention'd, unless 'twere in some Coffee-house, or the Streets.——But now they all forsake me——but 'twill rub out when 'tis dry, and so I squeeze.

Sing.

Tough Hemp must we beat?

Dry Bread must we eat,

And be bumbled, and jumbled, and grumbld at too, too, too.

And drick nothing, but Wat, Wat, Water that's cold?

Then Harry, and Mary, be merry and cheery, as long's we can do, do, do.

And drive away sorrow, untill we are old.

Come bouze it about, and let's squeeze out the Pitcher.

He's a Rogue that stands out, and shall ne'r be the Richer.

Bean. Heres Ten go downs upon Re. *Monstrappa.*

Monf. Put *rem* to't or I renounce thee.

Bean. Renounce me Puss, not pledge me, thou salt Suburbian Hackney, not pledge me.

Monf. Well Mrs. *Beantoffer*, I hant stood three years at Livery, and been hyr'd for 6d. a side on Holydaies, by Chimny-Sweepers, and Coblers Prentices, I hant so.——

Bean. Who has Mrs. Gillian flirt! Mrs. To and agen, who has?

Monf. I name no body, but touch a gall'd Horse, and he'll wince.

Bean. But I know who has been taken up in the common, and rode

so

so many heats that they got the *French*, fashions that was ev'n your own sweet Monkey face, I scorn to go behind your crooked back to tell you so.

Steph. Fight Dog, fight Bear, still here's the juice of life.

Monsf. I never danc'd naked at the *French* house for Mild-Six-pences, goody Lerry-come-twang.

Steph. Out, out, that's old, that's old.

Bean. Nor I never walk'd the Streets at Night, stark naked in a Buckram Suit, trim'd with black Ribons at the Codpeice, Mrs. Gin-crack, Mrs. Nimble-go-through.

Steph. No, no, that thou didst not old Tru-peny, that was the Tailors Wife, — but 'tis old too. —

Bean. Who dress'd her self in mans cloathes to commit with another Womans Husband under his natural Wifes nose, not you?

Monsf. Who goes ev'ry Night upon Water to see men swim on their backs, and show beastly triks, not *Beantoffer*, no?

Bean. Who uses to be drunk at Tavernes tear her friends Wigs, and then give all the Money, she has for a frisk with the Drawer, not Mrs. Betty *Moustrappa*?

Monsf. Who storms the Fort in private with a Leathern Gun.

Bean. Go y'are a mean spirited Crack, to be kep'd by a Club of 'Prentices: and so she praid me to tell ye.

Monsf. 'Tis better to receive small ware then give broad Gold, as thou doest like a silly Trapes.

Bean. The foul names thy own, and I'll dash it down thy Throat.

Monsf. Help, help, murther, she'll murther me.

Steph. Hold, hold, hold, keep the Kings Peace, I say keep the Peace, do you not tremble to use such bug words, if any body should hear you it would bring a scandal on the house, and make 'em think us Whores, Restore her nose *Moustrappa*, and you *Beantoffer*, give back her Eye-brows: I say squeeze the juice, and let acts of Hostility cease, I was governaunt at home, and I will be justice of Peace here.

Bean. I will have no Justice. —

Steph. *Beantoffer* be orderly, and thou shalt be my Clerk.

Monsf. No private bribery to Corrupt Justice, and to show that I desire all things may be done without favour or selfishness, let *Beantoffer* be hang'd, and give me her cloathes, and so I squeeze.

Bean.

Bean. Justice, an't please your Worship, I'll swear the peace against her.

Steph. Bear back, bear back, good People don't press upon the Court.—Constable stand by me, and go fetch the offender before me.

Bean. I command thee to come before my Lord Justice. No —good people with ye ayd and assist me. —We are resolved to assist Mr. Constable *Beantoffer* to the death.—La you there now.

Monf. The Justice is an Ass, the Constable a Sheepshead, and all the good People a Whore, and a Baud : and so she pray'd me to tell ye.

Bean. Grant me a humming Warrant to compel her to come before you volens nolens of her own accord.

Steph. How, how, thou art an evil Counsellor, and a Traytor ; thou seekest to deprive me of my honourable Employment by force quoth'a, no, some wiser then some : I am a Justice of peace, and must keep the peace. But if I grant a Warrant to compel, I break the Peace. If she comes, she comes, all must be done in a peacefull way: Volens nolens quoth'a.

Bean. Right Worshipfull, 'tis a common way to grant a Warrant.

Steph. Ay, ay, 'tis so common that we Magistrates are all the worse for't, it makes justice so cheap that no People of fashion care for using any.

Bean. An't please your Worship,

Steph. Please me, and please thy self, I say still.

Bean. To accept this small present ?

Steph. Hay ! more Plots, how darst thou corrupt Justice, thou Treacherous Strumpet ! devour the bowels that gave thee Suck ? Now do I know she wants Justice, because she would buy it—Clerk, take up the Bribery, and give it to the poor : since my Clerk is absent I will vouchsafe to do it my self. — But did this audacious Tatter-de-mallion declare with her own Corporal voyce, that she would not come before us ?

Monf. I did, and I do again send thee word by my self, that thou shalt come before me, — If thou wilt not, I command thee to stay there, — and so I squeeze.

Steph. Does the Rebel send word, her self being present, that
E she

She will not appear? — it stands not with our high place to put up
such affronts. — Head-Constable, knock her down, and keep the
Peace. [Bean, and Moult. fight.

Steph. So now the whole Courts in an uproar, fight, 'till the De-
vil part you. — Hold, hold, fall off, and unite against the common
Enemy.

Enter Hectorio, and Drinkallup, drunk and Singing.

Drink. Francky, was his name a,

And Francky was his name a;

His Beard was black, and his Gills were Red,

And his Bill was all of the same a.

With weapon full sharp, he fought, 'till he was dead,

With a Heycock of the game a,

And Francky was his name a,

And with weapon &c.

Hect. Francky's dead, and gon a,

Poor Francky's dead, and gon a:

Thy browes are black, and thy lips are Red,

And thy bellies soft as the down a.

Let me be thy Worm, and at every turn,

I will tickle thy flesh, and bone a.

Then prithee cease they moan a,

Since Francky's dead, and gon a.

Let me &c. —

Steph. Silence in the Court, to keep a sound Peace, I make you
both my High-Constables of Westminster.

Bean. } Agreed, agreed.

Moult. }

Steph. Then by Virtue of my Warrant, which shall be made when
we are at leisure, bring those disturbers of the Peace before me.

Bean. Woman, leave thy babbling, and come before the
Justice.

Moult. Hectorio, be uncover'd in the Court, and obey the Officers.

Hect. What Court? what Officers?

Bean. Why Stephania is Justice of Whorum, and we are both
Head-Constables.

Hect.

Heñ. Then Officers, look to your Throats, for there will be above Ten thousand up in Armes to Night. Sings. — *And their bellies soft as the down a.*

Steph. He has confest, and shall be hang'd 'till he's dead. Come thou Rake-hell, villain, dog, where are they, what's their design, who leads 'em on, who brings 'em off, make his *Mittimus*, before he answers, and send him to *Tyburn*.

Heñ. Old touch and go, why so hasty? — My Lord *Bacchus* leads 'em on : my Lady *Venus* brings 'em off : their design is to rise up in their Beds, at midnight, to stab all the Women, and behead all the Virgins they Catch.

Drink. Sings — *With a Hey-cock of the game a.*

Bean. O inhumane *Canibals*!

Mons. Let 'em do their worst, the Women will be hard enough for 'em, man to man.

Steph. And I believe the Virgins had notice of their design, for there is not one left in my Liberties : Head-constables, dispatch this *Westminster* Wedding, I say, tye 'em up.

Bean. Won't your Worship examine the Woman?

Steph. I say, take her away, shes a Pick-pocket I know, by her lac'd Shooes : besides, heark ye, she's a Witch, she carries an enchanted Ring about her which turns Rich men to beggers, and makes an Ass of a Justice of Peace.

Drink. Gentlemen of the Jury, this Villain is no honeste then he should be, he rob'd me of a dozen of precious Turpentine guilt Nutmegs, and a Pewter Squirt.

Heñ. Which is flat felony, for that's the Iron work to her Plough, without which it must stand still, and her Familiars must starve : and so she prayd me to tell ye.

Drink. But because the old Rogue is a true friend to the Chuck-office, I care not much if I save him, therefore you may bring in the Felony, Man-slaughter.

Heñ. Gentlemen, I am a Witness for the King, and so lets squeeze all round.

Mons. Art thou her Cozen after the flesh?

Drink. No, he is my Husband's Brother, for they tumbl'd both in one Belly.

Bean. Then thy Husband has a whole Legion of Brothers, for halfe

the Town have tumbl'd in the same place : and so she pray'd me to tell ye.

Steph. Woman, put me in good Bail, or take her away Jaylor.

Heñ. Hold, hold, what Bail dost thou demand ?

Steph. Two substantial Citizens, Aldermens fellowes, or common Councel men, but no Cuckolds.

Drink. No Cuckolds, Jaylor take me away, — hold, heark you, If you'l take a Hundred that are Cuckolds, by the help of my friends here they shall be produc'd presently. — Nay don't bob down your heads, I did but try him.

Steph. No, no! no Cuckolds.

Heñ. This is flat Tyrany, thou maist as well demand a Tribute of Maiden-heads in the Teens: but Miracles are ceas'd.

Steph. What is this notorious talking Rogue in for ?

Mouf. For Robbing of the Vestry.

Steph. How Sirrah, who made you a Church-Warden ?

Mouf. 'Tis but a Vestry matter, and may be agreed at the next Tavern.

Bean. Who will pay Scot and Lot, as they say, and serve in all under Offices of trouble, if every Rascal shall usurp that very Office, where they may reward themselves ?

Steph. Ay, without Authority, or paying a farthing for't, when 'tis well known substantial House-keepers have given hundreds or't.

Bean. Yes, and thriv'd upon't too, with a blessing on their pious endeavours.

Steph. Head Constables take 'em away to Limbo.

Heñ. We defie thee, and thy Head-Constables, to mortal battle.

Steph. Then blood will ensue: and so she pra'd me to tell ye. — Sound a charge, and keep the Peace.

[*Musick plays, they dance, and Exeunt.*

Scene. II. A& III.

*Enter Ariel, and Quakero.**Ariel Sings.*

Follow me, follow me, hey jolly Robin.
*The Moon shines bright,
 And Women are light,
 And most men had rather eat then fight.
 Then leave off your Coging.
 And follow me, and follow me hey jolly Robin.*

Quak. *Four corners on my bed;
 Four beauties there ly spread.
 If any evil come to me,
 O goodness sweet deliver me.*

Blessed be thanked, it is now again departed; this Charme I learn'd in the days of my Paganis-me, before I attain'd to the in-working and the bowel-yernings of the outgoing of the over-flowings; but now that I am mounted into the Saddle, and exalted to the House top, and lifted on the sounding Tub of reformation, I am above the Fruit-mongers of the hard Streets of stony-heartedness; and I am above thee Satan——ha it cometh again.

*Four corners on my bed.**Ariel Sings.*

*Turn thy Stocking, and tye thy Shoe hard.
 Thy mouth being wash'd, and wip'd thy beard.
 Come away, come lets be jogging.*

*Bo, bo, bo, bo,**Heark, heark, how the Bettern bellows:**Now is the time for good fellows.**To it—to it—to it—to it.**The Citizens Wife.**Leads a merry, merry life;**While her Husband at home does grunt and groan.**Whoo whoo oo oa oo---whoo ooo oo.**Alas poor man he is sick of the yellows.**Cuckoe, cuckoe.**Heark,*

Heark, heark, what the little birds tells us.

Cuckoe, cuckoe, cuckoe.

Quak. Torment me no more thou Hobgoblin, thou Robin-good-fellow, thou Will with a wife, thou Spright, thou Fairy, thou, thou nothing, thou something—ha, what should this be, assuredly here hath been some Crouder slain against his consent, or murder'd wrongfully, or else 'tis the Soul of some profane Singing-man that rejoyceth and gibeth at the death of the Duke my father, Oh! O/O! it comes again.

Four corners on my bed,

Four beauties—

Ariel Sings.

Youth, youth of mortal race, give ear,

Thy Daddies dead, thy Daddies dead.

To Stocks his feet, to Pillory his Ear,

To whip of thong his flesh is ay turned,

And tough battoon does thump his bone.

O bone, O bone, O bone, O bone.

Then little youth Nandy,

Drink Ale and Brandy.

His knell is hourly rung on his back,

Heark now I hear it, thwack, thwack, thwack,

Thwack &c. ——— thwack.

Quak. This dolefull madrigal sayes my Father is in Limbo, that is Mortus est, that is, he is dead, that is, he is departed, he is gone, he is fled, he is no more; He is, he is, I say, he is, that is, he is not.

His feet Stock-fish, his ears Pilchards, his flesh

Thornback, and Tough Battoon does thump his bone.

O bone, O bone, O bone, O bone.

Friend *Quakero*, this is no mortal business, though thou hast done Satan right noteable service in perverting many, beleive him not, I say beleive him not: hast thou forgot how it was resolv'd in a full dispute, where a friend, ev'n *Guly Penno*, declared that Satan was a lyer, nay thou hast not forgot beleive him not, yet I will go to find out and be satisf'd in the truth of the lye.

Ariel. Thwack, thwack, thwack, &c.

Exit Ariel.

Quak.

Quak. Hark, it is there again, it luggeth me by the Ears, even as a Swine is lugged by a Mastiffe-dog: or as one of your wicked Idolatrous Misses is led by the rattling of a guilt Coach, or as, as I say, or as ah ha em, or asah a aa.

So much for this time.

[*Exit Quakero.*

The End of the Third Act.

A& IV. Scene. I.

Enter Prospero, and Ariel. Prospero eating a peece of Bread and Butter.

Prof. **N**OW does the charm'd impostume of my Plot
Swell to a head, and begin to suppurate,
If I can make *Mantua's* Infant Duke,
Switchel my young giglet *Dorinda*.
Sincere *Quakero* to my power bends,
And shall with my discreet *Miranda* yoak,
Or be tormented ever here,
In my enchanted Castle of *Bridemellow*.
Great pity 'tis — for he's a pretty fellow.
Ariel!

Ari. What says my mighty and most potent Master.

Prof. How do these right puissant Ragamuffins bear their durance?

Ari. The Duke with haughty meen, for lack of food,
Sits cracking Fleas, and sucking of their blood.
With him is good *Gonzale*.

Prof. Is he so, Adsbud. [*Throwes away his Bread and Butter,*
(*in passion.*

Ari. From eyes of Glas the gummy tears that fall
Down Iv'ry beard like Christal vermine crawl.
The rest are picking strawes, and so that's all.

Prof. Where is *Quakero*, that young Princely Sprout?

Ari. Like *Lanthorn-jack* I led him all about,
And now he's blowing of his nailes without.

Prof.

Prof. Alas poor Trout.

Ari. I have so gall'd 'em, 'twould make your Graces hair stand on end to see how they look; though your heart more stony was then Coblers wax i'th' dog days, 'twould make it in your mouth dissolve like Culvers dung.

Prof. Do'st thou think so Spirit?

Ari. It makes mine open and shut, open and shut, like a fat Hostesses greazy Pouch, so it does: and then the poor old Gentleman and her daughters have almost torne one another to peeces—I pity them.

Prof. And I will—hast thou that art so young a Spirit, so little too—had a touch a feeling of their Case, and shall not I have a relish?—Well, *Ariel* go let a Table be brought to them furnish'd with most sumptuous Cates, but when they try to eat, let two great Baboons be let down with ropes to snatch it away.

Ari. O Sir *Punchanello* did that at the Play-house.

Prof. Did he so—then bend thy ayry ear.

[*whispers*

Ari. More toyle—I pry'thee now let me mind thee of thy promise then—where is my Two-penny Custard?

Prof. Ho now moody, doe'st thou murmur?

Ari. No my Lord!

Prof. Thou ly'st, Malignant thing, thou dost.

Ari. I pri'the my Lord, ben't so touchy.

Prof. Hast thou forgot the hairy Woman I freed thee from, who sent thee ev'ry morning down her Gormandizing throat with a Candle and Lanthorn, to tread the Ooze of the salt deep?—At other times she made thee pass up against the strong Northern blasts, when the capacious Bay was bak'd with brandy 'till thou hadst clear'd thy passage to her nose, on whose sulph'rous top thou sat'st Singing like a little Chimny Sweeper, hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No my dread Lord.

Prof. If thou more murmur'st, in some small dimple of her Cheek I'll peg thee, where Twelve Sommers more thou shalt lye stewing like a Maggot in a *Holland* Cheese.

Ari. O pardon great Sir this once, and I will be a good Boy, and never do so more.

Prof. Then do as I commanded, but make hast lest the Conjurers of to'ther House steal the Invention—thou know'st they snatch

at

at all Ingenious tricks.

Ari. I fly most potent Sir.

[Exit Ariel flying.

Prof. Now for the infant Duke of Mantua, Hypolito my Child come forth.

Enter Hypolito playing with Nickers.

Hyp. Anan, anan, forsooth—you Sir, don't you stir the Nickers, I'll play out my game presently.

Prof. Come gentle youth, exalt thy ducal chin, for thou shalt have a Wife my boy.

Hyp. A Wife Sir! what's that, I never saw it?

Prof. No my boy, but they are now so common, young men can hardly walk the streets for them.

Hyp. Don't go away, you Sir, I do but stay for a Wife, and then I'll play out my game—O good Sir, let me have it quickly.

Prof. And so thou shalt, for my daughters sake; if he should know Wives were growing out of fashion, I fear he would not marry, for the stripling has a gentile fancy, I see by the neatness of his cloathes.

Hyp. Will it play at Bullet with me?

Prof. Ay and Cat, and Trap-ball too.

Hyp. What is it like Sir? what is it like?

Prof. 'Tis so inconstant I scarce know what to liken it to, 'tis still unsatisfi'd, restless and wrigling like an Eel.

Hyp. O pray let me have it then; I love Eels mightily.

Prof. But like an Eel 'twill slip from thee.

Hyp. But I'll bite it by the tail then, and shake it 'till it lies still.

Prof. A shrew'd youth! well thou shalt have it, 'tis beautiful as a Colly-flower, but like that too, when 'tis kep'd long, nothing is more unpleasant.

Hyp. O Sir! I won't keep it long.

Prof. A very hopeful Lad!—But it won't part from thee.

Hyp. Then I'll beat it, and kick it, and run away from't.

Prof. Modishly said y'gad, still hopeful—but she'll save thee that trouble, and leave thee as Voon any other will keep her; for she's wild and skittish as an unbackt Colt.

Hyp. Is it like a Colt? O Lemine! then I'll ride upon't.

Prof. A las poor youth! thou wilt soon be tir'd, and thrown off.

Hyp. No Sir, I shall never be weary of Riding; and I'll hold so fast by the Mane and the Tail, that I won't fall off.

Prof. O fie, you must not use it like a Beast.

Hyp. What must I do with it then?

Prof. Why you must eat and drink with it.

Hyp. What is it a Fork, and an Earthern-Pot then?

Prof. No, but she may make Forkes, and crack too many Pots.

Hyp. Then she shall teach me to make Forks.

Prof. Hold there,—you must enjoy none but her.

Prof. Enjoy, ah ha! enjoy! what a word is there? enjoy! O rare!—what is enjoy Sir?

Prof. Why, that is to be happy.

Hyp. Enjoy to be happy, then I'll enjoy all the Wives in the World; —For I love to be happy Sir: enjoy!

Prof. I'll tell you more hereafter; go in and read your Horn-book; that Treatise of Abstruse Philosophy I gave you last.

Hyp. I go forsooth.

[Exit Hypolito.

Prof. Now by my best hopes, a shrew'd youth, a very shrew'd youth, and a notable head-piece — I'm glad he's grown so prudent. If all that Marry in this Age of liberty were so Politick, we should see better times.

Enter Hypolito crying.

Hyp. O! o! o! o! Oh, ho, ho, ho!

Prof. What's the matter? what grand intrigue of Fate can reach to the disturbance of thy manly Soul?

Hyp. Manly Soul, quoth a, 'twould disturb any mans Soul: I'm undone Sir, while I was talking with you about a Wife, Tom Bully stole away my stones.

Prof. Hah thy stones, what stones?

Hyp. Why my bowling stones. O ho ho, now I can't teach my Wife to play Nickers.

Prof. I'm glad 'tis no worle; O fie, fie my Lord, you must leave off this boyes Play now, and learn to play with Children; go, go in.

Hyp. By never, I'll pay that Rogue Tom Bully, when I catch him.

[Exit Hypolito.

Prof. Now I must instruct my Daughters.

Long sleeps and pleasures follow ev'ry Novice:

But plots and cares perplex grave men of Office:

Ye Gods!

More blest are men of mean and low condition,

Then

Then Bridewell-keeper is, or sage Magician.

[Exit Prospero.

A& IV. Scene. II.

Enter Miranda, and Dorinda.

Dor. O H Sister! I have such a twittering after this Husband,
And my mouth doth so run in a civil way.

Mir. Are you not breeding Teeth Sister?

Dor. Zooks, if I am the King, shall know't.

Mir. 'Vads Sister, ever since my Father told me of it, which is at
least six Hours ago, I can't rest Day, nor Night, for ought I know.

Dor. Its hole's hereabout, whereof looky' my Father said that it
should get me with Child pray.

Mir. O lo! get you with Child, what's that?

Dor. I can't tell, but I do so shake and laugh when I think of't.

Mir. Heigh ho! whereof Sister you are affraid? — Let it come
to me, vads Sister I won't be affraid.

Dor. Zooks Sister, if my Father should send a hundred to get me
with Child in a civil way, I wouldn't be affraid.

Mir. O but Sister, whereof looky', my Father said that a Husband
was wild as a Cock-Sparrow or a Curl'd-Lamb, that he did now pray.

Dor. Then I would chirrip to't, and make it hop, and stroak it,
and make it wag its tayl and Cry blea, 'till it 'twas as tame as a little
Lap-dog, but my Father says they are always gentle at home: and
wild abroad.

Mir. Whereof Sister heark ye, now lets leave this idle talk, and
play the *Scotch Morice*.

Dor. Then I'll play forward, and backward, for that's the way
now.

Mir. No I won't play Boyes play, — I'll tell you what, you
should be a School Mistris, and —

Dor. No Sister, no I'll tell you what? You should be a Citizens
Wife pray, and so I should be a Lord looky', and I should come in a
Golden-Coach and be your Husbands Customer.

Mir. Ay 'vads that's pretty.

Dor. So I should meet you at the Play-House, and say Madam looky 'tis a thousand pitties such a glazing Di'mond of beauty should be the Slave of a dull Mechanick Cit. and cry what d'ee lack? Whereof you should cry then, O Lord Sir, you are mistaken Zooks.

Mir. O Lord Sir, you are mistaken Zooks!

Dor. Then I should say Dam'ee Madam! you are a necklace for a Prince, I'll settle Three Pounds a Year upon you, and you shall have a Silver Baby, and a Silver house, and eat nothing but Golden Custards, and Silver-Stew'd-Pruines: then you should say whereof you have got a Wife of your own, my Lord?

Mir. Then you should say whereof you have gotten a wife of your own my Lord.

Dor. Then I should throw my Wig, and say, Oh Madam! if you love me, name her not. She's so dull and musty, the very thought of her will make me swoun, Damher. But you I doat upon. So then you should let me lye with you in a Civil way.

Mir. O ay, ay, I love that y'vads!

Dor. And then another should lye with you, and another, so at last you should be catch'd in a Baudy-house with your Husbonds under 'Prentice looky, and so be brought to *Bridewell* as Mrs. *Tweedlebum* was t'other day.

Mir. No, no, Sister, I wont play so—I'll tell y' what, lets play Truss-fayl, do pray now Sister.

Dor. Come then, I'll lye down first.

Mir. Truss.

Dor. Fayl.

Mir. Send me well upon my Grey Nags taile. O Sister, Sister! here's the Husband thing coming.

Enter Hypolito reading gravely in a Horn-Book,

Dor. Looky, looky, O sweet Father its Leggs are twice as long as ours.

Mir. What's that before so trim'd up with yellow Pissabeds, and green Blew Bottles.

Dor. See, see it pulls off half its head.

Mir. Run Sister, run, I'me so affraid 'twill pull your head off too.

Dor. Zooks! I would rather lose a hundred Heads if I had 'em, then stir a foot.

Mir. Oh! it looks angry, I'me so affraid for you Sister.

Dor.

Dor. Fear not me, if I offend it, I'll ly down and paw it with my Four-feet, as our Shock does when we beat it.

Prof. (Within) *Miranda, Miranda!*

Dor. O Sister! my Father calls you, — whereof she sayes she won't come for'oth.

Mir. She fibs, she fibs Father, — I wou'd come, but I am not here for'oth — you spiteful pissabed Slut.

Dor. But you are here for'oth.

Mir. I wonder y'are so simple Sister, as if I could not tell where I am better then you — for ought I know.

Dor. I will take Husband first that I will.

Mir. Husley, am not I the Elder?

Dor. Then you shou'dn't set your Wit against a Child.

Mir. Well then Sister, I'll tell y'what, wee'l play heads or tails, who goes first, that's fair now, e'nt it?

Dor. Ay, and she that don't win shall lose and keep the door.

Mir. Well ther's a good Girle, now toss up.

Dor. A ha! my tails turn'd up, you must watch.

Mir. Good dear Sister have done quickly, prithee do for because you know why Sister. [Exit Miranda.

Hyp. *Prospero* has often told me, Nature makes nothing in vain, why then is this kip kap here — tis not *aw* nor *e* nor *ee* nor *oo*, nor *Im n o-q-py* you — it strangely puzles me; I'll ask him when I see him next.

Dor. Thing, thing, fine long thing.

Hyp. Bessy come bunny, come buy me some lace Sugarcandy, Cloves and Mace. Sure I am ready for a Wife now, I can read my abstruse Horn *Philosophy*.

Dor. O Rare thing, it talkes just like one of us.

Hyp. Ha — what thing is that? Sure 'tis some Infant of the Park, drest in her Mothers gayest beams of Impudence, and sent down here to play at Hemp and Beetle; but stay, is not this that thing call'd Wife? What art thou, thou fleering thing?

Dor. Alas I am a Woman, and my Father says I must be a Wife in a Civil way, pray thing don't be angry.

Hyp. Angry, no, I'll sooner break my Trapstick; mun if thou art that thing call'd Wife, which troubles poor men so that they can't Wench in quiet. — *Prospero* says that I must enjoy thee.

Dor.

Dor. If thou art that thing call'd Husband which art alwayes sul-
len and niggardly at home, but merry and expensive abroad, which
feedst a Wife with tripe and Cowes heels, and treatest a Mrs. with
Woodcock and Teale, and fine things, and at last turnest off a Wife
with just enough to buy Bread and Cheese and worsted Farendine,
but maintainst thy Miss like a Princess, my Father says thou must get
me with Child for ought I know.

Hyp. Get thee with Child, O lo! whats that?

Dor. Whereof I can't tell, but I think you must dig it out of the
Parlsy-bed.

Hyp. Show me the Parlsy-bed then.

Dor. I won't, you ha, got nothing to dig with: you said you must
enjoy me, what's that pray?

Hyp. Why *Prospero* says you are like a Colt, and then you should
be backt.

Dor. Phoe, I won't play so.

Hyp. Won't you, then look to't, for you are but a Colly-flower,
and though y'are so proud to day you'll stink to morrow.

Dor. Zooks this is the silliest Husband-thing I ever saw: I'll run
into the Garden, and teach him more wit in a civil way.

Hyp. Nay if you run from me like an Eel, I'll bite you by the tail.

[*Exeunt running after each other.*]

Prof. (Within) *Miranda! Dorinda! Daughters, Daughters!*

Enter Miranda hastily.

Mir. Oh I'me glad my Father comes, for when Fire and Flax are
together, none knows how soon mischeif may be done. *Dorinda,*
Dorinda, my Fathers coming.

Enter Dorinda and Hypolito hastily. Hypolito runs off.

Dor. O Sister pray lets Dance our new Heroick Song that our
Father mayn't know who was here.

They Sing and Dance. Enter Prospero observing them.

Mir. Here comes a lusty Wooer, my dildin, my darling.

Here comes a lusty Wooer Lady bright and shining.

Dor. I Wooe for one of your fair Daughters, my dildin, my darling.

I Wooe for &c. ——— Lady bright &c.

Mir. I'm glad I have one for you my dild, &c.

I'm glad &c. ——— Lady bright, &c.

Dor. She looks too brown upon me my dild, &c.

She

she looks, &c. — Lady &c.

Prof. Enough, enough, all this won't blind me, come, come, come—stand, stand you here, and you there, nay, nay, nay, no whining:

Mir. Indeed, and indeed, pray Father, I did but keep the door.

Prof. Didst thou keep the door for thy younger Sister?

Mir. Yes forsooth, pray Father, that I did.

Prof. Blessing on thy pretty heart, cherish that gentile Motherly humour, thou hast a generous Soul; and since I see thy mind so apt to take the light impression of a modish Love, I will unfold a secret to thee—That Creature, that thou saw'st, is a kind of a Creature which is much like another Creature, that shall be nameless, and that's *Quakero*.

Mir. But Father, pray Father, shall that *Quakero* Creature be my Husband? You said I should have a Husband before she, that you did.

Prof. Shortly my *Miranda* thou shalt see the flower of this bud; this Chit, chit, chit, chit, Cock-sparrow husband may serve thy Sister well enough, thou shalt have a ho-ho-ho-ho-Husband, a Horseman, go in I'll provide for thee.

Mir. Let me have the ho-ho, quickly then pray Father.

[*Going out she returns again.*

Father, Father, I forgot to make my Cursy; b'wy Father.

[*Exit Miranda.*

Prof. Come hither *Dorinda*, why saw you this Husband without my order?

Dor. Who I! truly I didn't saw'd him 'twas he saw'd me.

Prof. Come, come, your Sister told me all.

Dor. Then she fibs for ought I know, for she would ha' seen him first, if I would ha' let her.

Prof. Tell me what pass'd between you?

Dor. Nothing pass'd between us but our great dog Towzer.

Prof. What did he do t'ee? come confess.

Dor. He did nothing, but I am afraid he wou'd if you hadn't come.

Prof. Why, why speak out?

Dor. Because he came towards me with his tail up as stiff as any thing.

Prof. Ha, I thought as much; wha what did he do then? the truth, I charge you.

[*Exit Dor.*

Dor. Why he did nothing but walk to his Kennel.

Prof. Walk'd to his Kennel——who?

Dor. Why our great dog Towzer.

Prof. Pho, thou understandst me not, what did the Husband-thing do to thee?

Dor. Why nothing at all, for just as we got to the Parsly-bed, you frighten'd it away.

Prof. I charge you see it no more, 'twill Poyson you, and make you swell as big as a house.

Dor. Not see it, I'll run through Nine Walls, but I'll see it, and have it to, though it make me swell 'till I break in peeces.

Prof. Go get you in, y'are a naughty Girl.

Dor. The World's come to a very fine pass for ought I know, one can't play with a thing an hour or two alone, or be in bed with a man, but one must be naught: I won't endure it much long, that I wont so.

[*Exit Dorinda.*]

Prof. So—my wishing Pipe

Has swell'd my hoping Cistern to a Flood.

Dorind' and *Polito's* agreed, that's good.

Now for *Miranda*, and the youth *Quakero*;

When they are coupl'd too——there ends my Care'o.

[*Exit Prospero.*]

Act IV. Scene III.

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, and Antonio.

Gonz. MY hands are so tyr'd with staring about for meat, that my feet can look no further——I must rest my old bones.

Alon. Old Lord I cannot blame thee, for I am seiz'd with such a griping, that I cannot rest.——My Courtyers us'd to tell me I had no humane imperfection; But here I will put off my hose and keep it no longer for my Flatterers

[*Musick as in Air.*]

Gonz. Ha, these are a sort of doggish greedy Devils, come to devour the meat e'r 'tis dish'd up.

Anto. Do not for one repulse forgo the great design you were about to act.

Gonz.

Gonz. Oh help, help, something unseen has ty'd my hands behind me.

Alon. Mine are stollen away too, and 'tis well for 'em, for my mouth is grown so angry for want of meat, that if they should again appear empty it would devour them.

Anto. Sure tis the Devils hock-tide, for mine are bound too.

Musick.

Alon. O heark my fiends,

I fear we shall behold another horrid sound.

Gonz. The Devil takes his time when we are bound.

Alon. He thinks to save his Bacon, feeble feind,
But with bound hands our hands we will unbind.

Enter Ariel Singing.

Song.

Dry your eyes, and cease your howling :

For your Broath is set a Cooling.

While y^e are in this Castle staying,

Eat and Drink, ne'r talk of paying.

Wine and Women here are plenty,

You shall tast of ev'ry dainty.

And as soon as you are weary,

Here are Crowds to make you merry.

[*Exit Ariel.*

Alon. I marry this is comfortable.

Anto. No Musick like that which powder'd Beef Sings,
A consort of Carrets with hey ding a ding.

Gonz. Wee'l dye for our meat, then our lives shall maintain.
No butt'ring of Parsnips like long live and raign.
O for a dainty vision of butter'd *Neptunes Tritons*
And *Nereides*.

Two Devils descend, bringing down a Table with meat and drink on it.

Anto. See my Lord a stately Banquet, adzooks !

Gonz. First come, first serv'd.

Alon. Happy man catch a Mackarell — But stay is not this meat
and drink brought to Poyson us ?

Gonz. Here may be more Spirit of Sulphur : but hungers sharp, and
I will cast in spight of the Devil.

G

Anto.

Anto. And I will have a Soop.

Alon. If both resolve, I'll take my part; Devil do thy worst.
As they try to eat, Gonzalo and Antonio are snatch'd up into the Air,
and Alonzo sinks with the Table out of sight.

The End of the Second Act.

Act V. Scene I.

Enter Quakero, and Ariel.

Quak. I Will be no longer seduced by Yea and Nay, I defie thee.

Ari. I defie thee.

Quak. Thou art a Torch of Darkness, and a Snuff of the Candle of the Socket, of the Dominion of Darkness.

Ari. O minion of Darkness.

Quak. Thou liest, I am no minion of Darkness, for look thee, a lye is a lye, but the truth is not a lye, and therefore thou art a lyer because thou lyest, as one of us hath he is sweetly in his Scourge-stick of Prophanishness, he is a right precious one, truly, truly.

Ari. You lye, truly.

Quak. Out thou reproacher of friends, thou Bearward of the Bull and Mouth, thou Lambskinner of Lumbard-street, thou waspish Woolf of Westminster, thou a a, I say thou um ah a, thou-avaunt, be-gone, fly, vanish, I defie thee, I abhor thee, I renounce thee, yea, I will scare-crow thee, I will top and scourge thee, and I will hum-guig thee, for I see by thy invisible Hornes that thou art the very Devil.

Quak. Out Dagon, Bell and the Dragon, I knew thee long ago.

Ari. I knew thee long ago.

Quak. What dost thou know of me? Speak, say thy worst, what dost thou know of me? — I may fail, but I cannot fall, for I am a Friend — a Chosen — One of Us.

Ari.

Ari. A Chosen one of Us.

Quak. None of thy Uffes, Satan, none of thy Uffes; therefore cease to torment me, for I will not speak one word more.

Ari. One word more.

Quak. Nay, but I will not — I will Padlock my lips with Patience, and set the Porter of peaceishness at the Wicket of my Mouth, who shall knock thee down with the Silver head of saving-gableness which is on the long Cane of Conscientious Reproof: So that thou shalt no more enter into the Meeting-House of my heart, look thee — *Obadiah Cod*, one of Us, who now sleep-eth did declare soundly what thou wert, and I find it all as Poo Cod said.

Quak. Mock on, mock on, I will try if thou wilt answer me while I sing my Sorrows to the snapping of my Thumbes: thy gibing is all but nonsense.

Ari. All but nonsense.

Quakero Sings. *Ariel answers like an Eccbo.*

Quak. How dost do?

Ari. How dost do?

Quak. What's that to you?

Ari. Whats &c.

Quak. Pull out thy whistle, and tune up thy Pipe.

Ari. Pull &c.

Quak. Under yonder hollow Tree, Nan lyes asleep.

Ari. Under &c.

Quak. Her thing is her own, and I'll bounce it anon.

Ari. ——— and I'll bounce &c.

Quak. What care I for treasure, if Nanny but smile?

Ari. ——— if Nanny &c.

Quak. Within this shining place,

There's not a better Face;

Faith now she's down, there I'll get her with Child.

Ari. Kind Nanny smiles, and she

Does sigh and snore for thee;

O strange Simplicity,

Follow me, follow me, and thou shalt see.

Quak. Does *Nanny* sigh and snore for me, O Lo! umph, I ham mollified: *Nanny* snore for me—think of thy Soul *Quakero*, I say think of thy Soul; if the flesh prevail, thy Soul is but a dead man.

Ari. Follow me, follow me, and thou shalt see.

Quak. Hark I am called again—this voyce may be a Vision—go *Quakero*, I say go—but it may be a snare, a trick to draw me into derision, go not *Quakero* nay but I will not go—*Nanny* sigh and snore for me, O dear!

Ari. Follow &c.

Quak. Again—Well I will go and advise with Friends, but why should, thou advise, look thee, thy intention is good, though the Action may wander, it matters not, I say, it matters not.—*Nanny* sigh and snore for me, I will go—yea assuredly I will.

Ari. Follow &c.

Quak. Nay but I will not, it shall not be said *Quakero* followe'd the Devil.—But look thee, go thou before, and I will come after,—if that will do. [Exeunt.

Act V. Scene II.

Enter Prospero and Miranda at one Door. Ariel and Quakero at another. Ariel goes off immediately.

Prof. Advance the frizled frouzes of thine Eyes, and glout on yon fair thing.

Mir. O dear sweet Father, is that a ho ho ho a Horse-man, Husband?

Prof. It is my Girle, and a yerker too; i'faith were he not tir'd with seeking of his Company, he would play thee such Horse-tricks, would make the sneer again.

Mir. 'Tis a most crumpious things, i'vads if you'l let me have it, I'll make no more dirt Pies, nor eat the Chalk you score with, nor spoil your Garden to play with the Carrets before they are ripe—pray sweet honey Father.

Prof. Well I'll leave ye together. But I charge you let him not touch your honour.

Mir. My honour O lo! pray what is that father?

Prof. 'Tis a kind of fluttering Blood, which haunts the head and hinders

hinder parts of men, some call it life-Blood, because death often ensues when those tender parts are touch'd in Women its seat is on the nose, and on the —

Mir. Where else pray tell me, that I may defend it.

Prof. That's the ready way to make it be betray'd. — No Child of my bowels, thou shalt never know thy honour from me.

Mir. Now do I long to have this secret of my honour open'd: prythee now, Father tell me where 'tis.

Prof. Why, — I know not what to say — On thy Elbow.

Mir. My Elbow, O lemine! fear it not then, for my honour is so hard with being thump'd and leand upon, that a hundred touches can't hurt it.

Prof. All falls out yet even as my Soul would wish, but I must watch, I don't like this leering *Quakero*, such zealous youthes are very Tyrants in secret. [Exit Prospero.]

Quak. Assuredly Satan thou hast told truth, for she is here; But yet thou art a lyer Satan, for she is not here, that is to say, she sleepeth not, I will declare before her umph a ha h. —

Most finest, most delicatest, and most lusciouslest Creature, whose face is more delicious then a Pot of Ale with Sugar and Nutmeg, after a long Exercise.

Mir. Ha.

Quak. The savour of whose breath is more comfortable then the hot stean of a Sundays Dinner.

Mir. O Lo!

Quak. Whose Paps are whiter then two Norfolke-dumplings stufft with Plums — and softer then Quaking-puddings.

Mir. Why did you ever feel my Bubbies?

Quak. Nay assuredly, but I hope I shall —

Quak. Whose soft Palmes are pleasanter then a warm cloath to my Sweaty-back, or a hot Trencher to an akeing Belly.

Mir. O rare!

Quak. Whose Legs are smooother then my Chin, on a Saturday night, and sleeker then thy Elbowes.

Mir. O my honour, my honour, my Father sayes you must not touch my honour pray.

Quak. Nay Sister far, far be it from me to soyl thy honour. Thy nature is more inviteing then a Christning-Bowl of warm red Wine.

deck;

deckt round with Lemon, peel.

Mir. Oh my dear ho, ho, ho, I can no longer forbear.

[*She embraces him.*]

Quak. Ah Sister mine; Now I ham even like unto that little Créature called a Cat, when his back is stroaked, he longeth to play with his tail.

Mir. And what are I like then, tell me what I are like?

Quak. Why thou are like a pretty little Mouse verily. — But then I ham two-fold luck thee: first I ham like a Cat, and secondly I am not like a Cat. — First, I ham like a Cat, for when the Cat smells the pretty Mouse, he is restless and eager; Nay, he cannot stand still, but frisketh, and jumpeth, and dance-eth till he hath devoured hit; — In like sort, firstly, I ham like a Cat, look thee, for I am inflamed, and eager truly: nay, I am even ravenous after the pretty tender Mouse, as a Bear bereaved of her Whelps. But secondly, I ham not like a Cat, look thee; for that seeketh the destruction, and the nothingness of the Mouse, but I thirsteth for the Propagation, look thee, and the somethingness, yea the fullness of hit — ha, ha, ha.

Mir. And am I like a Mouse i' vads?

Quak. Unfeignedly.

Mir. Then I'll run into my hole.

Quak. And I will pursue even unto thy very hole, till I have overtaken thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Prospero hastily.

Prof. Ah how nimble this zealous youth is — *Miranda!* — *Miranda!*

[*Enter Miranda, and Quakero,*]
And you *Quakero*, come back, or I'll throw you over the Balcony, and try if you have as many lives as a Cat.

Mir. Zooks, Father you have spoiled the rarest play of Cat and Mouse.

Prof. Thou shalt be mouz'd my Girle, but every thing in season, Rome was not built in a day, go in and trust me.

Mir. Shan't my Puss go with me; come Puss, come little Puss.

[*Exit Miranda.*]

Prof. *Hypolito* my Child!
Come hither discourse this trusty *Nicodemus*, till my return, you must be acquainted with him.

[*Enter Hypolito.*]
Exit Prospero.

Hyp.

Hyp. Pray Mr. *Nichodemus*, what did your Periwig cost you?

Quak. Ha, ha, ha, he!

Hyp. Ha, ha, he, how much is, ha, ha, he!

Quak. I will be avenged of thee Satan!

Hyp. Sa--tan, my name is *Hypolito*!

Quak. I will no more stir up friends to despise Government; and teach them 'tis a great point of Faith, rather to beleive an ignorant upright Taylor, or a precious enlightened Weaver, then a Book-learned Tythmonger verily.

Hey. Hey brave Boyes you Rogues Mr. *Nichodemus*, will you play at Nickers you Sir, or Spand-farthing?

Quak. Out thou lew'd scoffer, I am a Professor.

Hyp. A Professor, what's that?

Quak. That is a friend.

Hyp. And what is a friend?

Quak. Why a friend is one of Us.

Hyp. And what is one of Us.

Quak. Why one of Us is a — I say is a --um a--ha, ha, ha, he.

Hyp. Pray Mr. *Nichodemus*, let me be one of Us, ha, ha, ha, he.

Quak. I would thou wert, I say, I would — thou wert, but thou knowest not the Splendour of the obscurity of the revealed secer, umph--ha, thou understandest not?

Hyp. Yes I understand you well enough, but only I don't know your meaning.

Quak. What Religion art thou of?

Hyp. Religion, why I am a Duke.

Quak. What Faith dost thou profess?

Hyp. Why Faith and Troth, and adznigs, and by this Cheese.

Quak. Ah thou art a beast, and shouldst be chastised; — therefore provoke me not: — I say provoke me not.

Hyp. Not provoke thee — but I will provoke thee; take that. [kicks him.

Quak. I ham not provoked.

Hyp. Then have at the again.

Quak. I ham not provoked yet.

Hyp. There, then there. [kicks him.

Quak. Nay, but I ham not yet provoked.

Hyp. No then I'll wear out my Shoes, but I'll provoke thee; there,

there, there, there, and there.

Quak. Hold, hold, I say hold, for I am provoked, and I will chastise thee.

[*The Quaker throws off his Coat, and beats Hypolito 'till he lyes as dead.*

Hyp. O murther, murther, I'll fight no more: you pull by the hair Mr *Nichodemus*.

Enter Prospero.

Prof. What dismal noyle is this—ha! *Hypolito* dead, then all my toyl's in vain:—O thou unlucky chit, I wish I'de been betwattl'd, when I had to do with thee.

Quak. Unfeignedly I was provoked, therefore I say have Patience, that is to say to be pacified.

Prof. Out thou stinking, sneaking Bastard, he's quite dead: If ever thou serv'st me so again, I'll whip thee 'till the Blood drops at thy heels.

Quak. Dead! then by Yea, and Nay, I never saw him in my life.

Prof. O cruel luck! *Ariel*, what homy Spirit *Ariel*.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What says my mighty, and most Potent Lord?

Prof. Most potent Lord! most Potent Fiddle-stick! See thou lazy droan of a Spirit, what mischief here is done.

Ari. O lo! O lo! O Laud! Ah poor *Polly*, how sadly his finger's scratch'd; but I'll fly to Mother Damnables, and fetch some Pilgrim salve to cure it.

[*Exit Ariel.*

Prof. *Miranda*! *Dorinda*! [*Enter Miranda, and Dorinda.*
O my Girles, we are all undone, look there *Dorinda*, thy poor *Polly*'s dead.

Mir. O my dear Puss-cat, shall us play Cat and Mouse?

Prof. Touch him not you Harlotry baggage, why when I say—come away.

Dor. Alas! What's worse then ill luck?

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, and Antonio, as driven in by Spirits.

Alon. Never were Hogs so driv'n to *Rumford*, as we are hunch'd along.

What my Boy *Quakero*, and alive, touch my Flesh.

Quak. My Father after the Flesh, O sorrowfull joy.

Prof. You stare as if you had never seen me: have so short a time as 50 years made you forget *Prospero*?

Gonz.

Gonz. How my good old Neighbour Duke *Prospero*!

Alon. The Devil 'tis: O strange, I thought he had been hang'd long ago.

Anton. Laud, how a little time will change folkes, I had quite forgot him, and yet I remember him as well as if 'twere but yesterday.

Prof. Had I liv'd 'till now where you sent me, I had beed dead 20 years ago— Know'twas I trappan'd you to this my enchanted Castle of *Bridewello*, where I yet govern, and am Lord Paramount. I meant to be friends with you all, and Marry that stripping to my eldest Girle; but see what he has done to the Infant Duke of *Mantua*.

Gonz. Never stir, if it be not honest little Duke *Polly*.

Anto. Alas poor Duke, as towardly a Child as ever broke bit of bread.

Alon. And what dost thou now intend? we fear thee not.

Prof. *Quakero* shall be hang'd, and you shall be all tortur'd; ho within there, prepare the Pillory, the Whipping-post, the Stocks, and Cat of Nine tails — entreat me not, dispatch.

Mir. I can hold no longer, O, ho, ho-ho-ho.

Quak. Ah, ha-ha-ha-e.

[*Enter Devils.*

Prof. Away with them, See it done.

The Scene of Bridewell. Ariel flies down.

Ar. Stay my most Potent Master, I come from the sage *Urganda of Wildo streeto*, that renowned Enchantress, who has disarm'd all the Knights of the White Spear and Nut-brown Shield: And that most mighty Necromancer *Punchanello Alquiffe*, who with one breath puts Candle out, and in Rains Fire, makes Sea of painted Clout to move, and Devils dance: by their ayd I have compos'd a Suppositorial Ligneous puffe and blow, which would recal life though Nine days lost, see here 'tis come.

Enter Devils with a great pair of Bellows.

Prof. 'Tis joyful newes.

Ari. All must assist in the Ceremony.

Prof. Come then let's about it.

Ariel. Help, help Lordlings, and Ladies help
To raise up great Heroick whelp.

H

Ariel

(50)

Ariel Sings.

Prospero, Prospero

Looks fierce as a Hero;

If Polly should dye, poor I shall be killed I feare.

Chorus. Then blow the Bellows, blow the Bellows, blow the Bellows blow, blow and puff, blow and puff, puff, puff, and blow, blow, blow.

Let not his Soul,

Get out of the hole

And all shall be well I tro, tro, tro, &c.

Prof. We conjure thee to wake

By a Two-peny Cake,

Alonz. By a Ginger-bread-rol,

Mir. By a thing with a hole,

Dor. Which thou lov'st with thy Soul,

Gonz. By a Rattle and Drum,

Anton. By a great Sugar-plum,

Eoran. As big as thy Thumb,

Chorus. Polly, Polly, Polly,

O Polly, Polly, Polly!

To dye is but folly.

For shame lye not there

While thy Doxie is here.

All. How is't.

Ariel. By the Mass

As 'twas.

All. Alas.

Ariel. Prospero, Prospero,

Looks, &c. — As before.

Chorus. Then blow the Bellows, &c. — As before.

Prof. We conjure thee agen

By a hobby Horse fine,

Mir. By thy Bullets and Cat-stick,

Dor. By thy Reaver and Trap-stick,

Gonz. By thy Marbles and Nickers,

Anton. By thy Top and thy Gigg,

Eran.

Faran. *By thy Beard, and thy Wigg.*

Chorus. Polly, Polly, &c. — *All as before.* [Then Hypolito rises
Ariel. Victoria, Victoria! He lives, he lives, he lives.

[They Dance confus'dly round him.

Chorus. *Then let's hugg him, and lagg him, and tugg him, and
smugg him: with a hey brave Polly, and ho brave Polly and take him,
and shake him, and wake him, and never forsake him, with a hey brave
Polly, and ho brave Polly.*

Prof. So, so, so, wellcome to life again, now the man shall have
his Mare again, and all friends.

Alon. Thanks Prospero, and gentle Ariel.

Gonz. Thanks Ariel, and gentle Prospero.

Enter Stephania, Beantoffer, Moustrappa, Drinkallup, and
Hectorio.

Steph. Ha, is it so, more Officers then head Constables, you may
dismiss the Pris'ners and adjourne the Court.

Bean. What to the old place in *Moor-fields*.

Mous. Ay, ay, and make Proclamation that all good Religious
People may take notice of it.

Steph. No, no, wee'l meet here again to morrow. And so
she pray'd me to tell ye.

Drink. If any forget the place, that man in black may instruct them,
for he's Chaplain to the Society.

Prof. Set open the Gate, you may march off, y'ave had punish-
ment enough for once. [Exeunt Band, and Whores]

Prof. Now to wipe out the remembrance of all past sorrow, I'll
show you the pleasures of my enchanted Castle. — Ariel, see it
done, and then be free.

Ariel. I'll about it strait.

[Exit Ariel.]

M U S I C K.

The Scene drawn discovers Bridewell with Pris'ners in several postures
of labour and punishment, then a Band and Pimp drawn over the
Stage in a Cart follow'd by a Rabble; then arise Caliban, and Sy-
corax.

Sycorax. My Lord great Cac-Cac-Cac-Cac-Calyban.

For my sweet sake,

Some pity take

On beauteous Nymph in Caravan:

*And check with seemly snout,
The Rabble rout.*

Calyban. *Sweet Sycorax, my Mopsa dear,
My Dove, my Duck,
My Honey suck-
-le which hast neither prick nor peer,
I'll do't, take tail of Shirt,
Cleanse Eye from Dirt.*

Syc. *Give all the rest of this fair Crew,
A play day too;
Let Pillory
And Stocks agree,
To set all free:*

*Let the Beetle and Whip, be both laid to sleep,
And Prisoners Condemn'd, live for want of a ship.*

Cal. *Dear Dowdy be jocund, and sleek
The dainty fine furrowes of thine Olive Cheek:
I cannot deny*

*My pretty Pigs nye,
With a Nose like a Rose,*

And a lip as green as a Leek.

*Be calme ye great Parents of the Punch, and the Pad,
While each Bully and Lass sing and revel like mad.*

Chorus. *Be calme, &c. —*

While each, &c. —

Pimp. *Compel this roaring rout to fly.*

Baud. *And wee'l obey you by and by.*

Chorus *Compel, &c. —*

And wee'l, &c. —

Rabble. *Give's something to drink, and wee'l go hence,
For we meant your honours no offence.*

Caly. *Here, here ye dogs, here's Eighteen-pence.*

Syc. *But ere you go, lets have a Dance.*

Chorus *Here here, &c. —*

*But ere you, &c. — [They Dance, and Sing this Chorus.
Be calme ye great Parents of the Punch, and the Pad :*

While

While each Bully and Lash, sing and revel like mad.

[*Exeunt Rabble.*] [*The Prisoners make a noyse.*

*Caly. Head-keeper, let Correction cease,
Let ev'ry back and bum have peace.*

*Syc. Do not the noble Crew beguile,
They came to sing and dance a while :
And you of pleasure make a toyle.*

*Caly. Be still, be still, ye whips, and ye backs,
Obey, obey, my lovely Sycorax.*

*Chorus Be still, &c. —
Obey, &c. —*

The Head-keeper flies down and sings.

*Head-k. Her Fle obey whose breath's so strong, one blast
Sent from her Lungs would lay my Castle wast ;
Come down my furies, lash no more,*

*But gently poure in
Salt and Urine,*

To cleanse their crimson Face from gore :

Whatever they are, or what ere their transgressions,

Free all in the Castle, free all ;

Make it as quiet, as at quarter Sessions,

When they make visits to Westminster-Hall.

Here Four Keepers fly down.

To the Houses you know,

Round, round, must you go,

And search ev'ry place where their Revels they keep :

But no more 'till I call, shall ye handle the whip.

Chorus To the Houses, &c. —

Round, &c. —

And search —

But no more —

[*Exeunt Keepers.*]

Caly. Now the Tyrants are gone that made ye affraid:

Let each Daughter and Son,

Make hast to come on ;

And be merry, be merry, be merry,

Be merry, as a Maid.

Chorus Now the Tyrants, &c. —

While :

While the *Chorus* is Singing the Prisoners are freed, and make ready for a Dance. The Scene shuts. A dance with Bottles in their hands.

Pimp. Bullies my Lads, your Bottle sound.

Baud. And let sweet Eccho from each Last rebound.

Chorus. Bullies, &c. —

And let, &c. —

A Dance.

Chorus Drink up all.

Drink up all.

Drink up all.

—Up all.

Drink up all.

The Scene opens, discovers the Sea ; — The Night going down
Aurora, and the Sun rising — the Musick sitting in an Arch of
Chariots.

Caly. See, see black Queen of Night, is sneaking down,

And under sable Arm, she hides pale Moon.

And Dame *Aurora*, yonder with eyes grey,

Shedding Od'riferous dew, and breaking day.

Behold the Skies Head-Waggoner, the Sun,

With Fire freed up yonder Hill does run.

Miss *Thetis* would from Watry Bed pursue.

Begone fond Minx, must none have Sun but you?

Sing.

Caly. Now your drink, and your Drabs you shall safely enjoy.

Syc. No Constables or Watch, shall your quiet destroy.

Chorus. Now, &c. —

No Constable, &c. —

Pimp. Wee'l closely convey you by a private back door:

Tour Ale and Stepony wee'l fill on the Score.

Baud. Wee'l treat ye great lubbers, as ye sail in the Straits,

With Trumpets and Cymbals, and loud City Waits.

Syc. In each room a soft Bed, or a Couch we will lay,

To please you all Night, and delight you all day.

Chorus. In each room, &c. —

To please you, &c. —

(55)

A Dance.

Ariel appears in the Air, and Sings.

Song.

*Where good Ale is, there suck I,
In a Coblers Stall I lye,
While the Watch are passing by;
Then about the Streets I fly,
After Cullies merrily.
And I merrily, merrily take up my clo'se,
Under the Watch, and the Constables nose.*

Prof. Henceforth may our Enchanted Castle be,
From Ign'rant Sprights, and sullen Devils free:
May beauteous Nymphs like little Lambkins play,
While Swains with am'rous Pipes drive care away,
Our harmles mirth shall still attend you here:
'Tis mirth that makes you Youthful brisk and fair.
That our Mock-Tempest, then may flourish long,
Clapp all that would seem beautifull and young.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE by *Miranda*.

Gentlemen look'ee now, pray, my Father says that I and my Sister must have ye all ifads :

Whereof I can't tell what to do, I'll swear o;

If I take you, I lose my dear Quakero;

His things are precious, and his love is true;

But there's no trust in ought you say or do;

Tet for ought that I know,

My self could serve you all as well as any;

But my Father says, pray,

One Dish of meat can never serve so many;

For though you all agree in one design,

To feed like Schollers on the tender Loyn;

In this you differ with them, pray;

One little Chop, and one plain Dish will do.

You must have Sauce, warm Plates, fresh hau-gon's too;

The large Pottage of glitt'ring show and dress,

Must cheat you to the little bit of flesh.

My Father says,

Since with such charge we purchase your Contents,

He thinks 'tis fit we should have Settlements :

For when you have enjoy'd, what that is, I can't tell i'oads; but I be-
lieve you can, —

T'are dronish, cold and dull as any thing;

Just like a Bee, when he has lost his sting :

And though with all our tempting sweets we strive,

We ne'r shall catch you more within our Hive.

Then must our sinking joyes ne'r rise again ?

Must we be kind, and show all in vain ?

Tou lov'd the jilting Mother much and long;

She's old, the Daughter's active brisk and young;

If you neglect us still, pray,

May all your stony Pride unpit i'd fall;

And may our harmless Devils take you all.

